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Clans

HEATHERCLAN

The Pretty and Sneering

LEADER
CHERVILSTAR—a long haired, chocolate and red, mackerel calico she-cat, with yellow eyes.

DEPUTY
ROOKFOOT—a black spotted tabby she-cat, with short fur, and gold eyes.

MEDICINE CAT
SOOTTAIL—a black she-cat, with long fur, and gold eyes.

WARRIORS
YELLOWFOOT—a red classic tabby she-cat, with short fur, and yellow eyes.

SLUGSTREAM —a black tom, with short fur, and amber eyes.

BRAMBLEPELT —a black tom, with long fur, and amber eyes.

BEEFUR —a short haired, red spotted tabby she-cat, with hazel eyes.

RAVENTAIL —a short haired, black spotted tabby she-cat, with hazel eyes.

BLACKCLAW—a black classic tabby tom, with long fur, and amber eyes.

PLUMSTONE —a short haired, white tom with gold eyes.

APPRENTICES

CORMORANTPAW —a black she-cat, with short fur, and hazel

eyes.

LIGHTPAW —a short haired, white tom, with gold eyes.

QUEENS

BROWNHEART—a long haired, chocolate classic tabby she-cat, with copper eyes.

WAXCLAW—a red mackerel tabby she-cat, with long fur, and green eyes.

SPECKLETAIL-A grey striped tabby she-cat with brown eyes.

ELDERS

MISTLESTREAM —a mostly white, black and red classic calico she-cat, with long fur and yellow eyes.

GORSEEAR —a long haired, red mackerel "pseudo-tabby" she-cat, with amber eyes.

SWANFANG —a white tom, with short fur, and blue eyes.

RUSSETFERN —a short haired, red classic "pseudo-tabby" she-cat, with gold eyes.

NIMBUSCLAN

The Negative and Considerate

LEADER

QUIETSTAR —a long haired, white she-cat, with a lilac and cream classic calico-tabby tail and ears, and green eyes.

DEPUTY

LILACSTONE —a black she-cat, with short fur, and yellow eyes.

MEDICINE CAT

BRINDLEBLAZE—a black and red, mackerel tortoiseshell she-cat, with short fur, and copper eyes.

WARRIORS

RAVENHEART—a black and red, ticked calico she-cat, with short fur, and gold eyes.

PIPITLEG —a chocolate mackerel tabby tom, with short fur, and hazel eyes.

PHEASANTEAR —a chocolate and red, spotted calico she-cat, with sparse fur, and blue eyes.

NUMBFANG —a short haired, red mackerel tabby tom, with hazel eyes.

EAGLESTREAM —a short haired, chocolate tom, with hazel eyes.

CROWSTRIPE—a black mackerel tabby tom, with sparse fur, and amber eyes.

APPRENTICES

SPIDERPAW —a black spotted tabby tom, with long fur, and amber eyes.

STARLINGPAW —a black tom, with long fur, and green eyes.

CRANEPAW —a mostly white, blue and cream mackerel calico she-cat, with long fur and yellow eyes.

VOLEPAW —a curly haired, chocolate spotted tabby she-cat, with yellow eyes.

NIGHTPAW —a black mackerel tabby she-cat, with short fur, and amber eyes.

CLOUDPAW —a short haired, black classic tabby she-cat, with yellow eyes.

QUEENS

MALLOWSTREAM —a long haired, white she-cat, with a black and red spotted calico tail and ears, and amber eyes.

MARIGOLDEAR —a cinnamon and red, classic calico she-cat, with short fur, and blue eyes.

SWANBLAZE—a blue and cream, mackerel calico she-cat, with long fur, and hazel eyes.

ELDERS

SNOWTAIL—a mostly white, black and red spotted calico-tabby she-cat, with short fur and amber eyes.

HAWTHORNCLAN

The Evasive and Cantankerous

LEADER

PINESTAR—a blue and cream, mackerel tortoiseshell Tom with short fur, and hazel eyes.

DEPUTY

BURNETSTRIPE—a long haired, chocolate and red, mackerel calico-tabby she-cat, with yellow eyes.

MEDICINE CAT

ORCHIDFACE—a blue mackerel tabby tom, with short fur, and gold eyes.

WARRIORS

HORNETSTORM —a short haired, red ticked tabby tom, with amber eyes.

THISTLEWHISKER —a blue she-cat, with short fur, and amber eyes.

CROWBLAZE —a long haired, black mackerel tabby tom, with copper eyes.

GINGERSTORM —a short haired, white she-cat, with a black and red spotted calico tail and ears, and yellow eyes.

AUBURNSTONE —a cream classic tabby tom, with short fur, and gold eyes.

SPIDERLEG—a black tom, with curly fur, and hazel eyes.

DOVETHROAT —a long haired, blue and cream, classic tortoiseshell she-cat, with copper eyes.

SHADOWSTREAM—a black mackerel tabby tom, with short fur, and hazel eyes.

APPRENTICES

MALLOWPAW —a sparse haired, white tom, with copper eyes.

COOTPAW —a black tom, with short fur, and green eyes.

OAKPAW —a short haired, taupe she-cat, with amber eyes.

QUEENS

FALCONCLAW —a blue classic tabby she-cat, with short fur, and green eyes.

ELDERS

BLACKSTREAM—a short haired, black spotted tabby she-cat, with amber eyes.

IVYCLAN

The Uncertain and Buff

LEADER

BROWNSTAR —a short haired, brown tom-cat, with copper eyes.

DEPUTY

CLOUDSHINE—a grey and white mackerel tortoiseshell-tabby she-cat, with short fur, and green eyes.

MEDICINE CAT

HONEYWHISKER —a sparse haired, white tom, with gold eyes.

WARRIORS

NIGHTSTRIPE —a black tom, with short fur, and gold eyes.

WEEVILFANG —a chocolate tom, with curly fur, and gold eyes.

BREEZEFUR—a long haired, black spotted tabby tom, with gold eyes.

LAKEFEATHER —a blue and cream, mackerel tortoiseshell-tabby she-cat, with short fur, and gold eyes.

WARRENPELT —a black tom, with short fur, and copper eyes.

CROWWHISKER —a short haired, black mackerel tabby she-cat, with yellow eyes.

ROWANPELT - a dark tabby with one white paw and a "V" cut into his left ear

SANDFOOT- a short haired sandy blonde she-cat with yellow eyes and white paws

STORMHEART - a white and brown tabby with a crooked tail

APPRENTICES

BRAMBLEPAW —a blue tom, with short fur, and copper eyes.

SYCAMOREPAW-short haired, blue she-cat, with amber eyes.

SNOWPAW —a long haired, white tom, with yellow eyes.

QUEENS

EGRETSTORM —a long haired, white she-cat, with gold eyes.

ROACHFOOT-a blue and cream, mackerel tortoiseshell she-cat, with short fur, and gold eyes.

BLACKBERRY—a black mackerel tabby she-cat, with short fur, and amber eyes.

ELDERS

THRIFTFOOT —a blue and cream, mackerel calico she-cat, with

short fur, and blue eyes.

RAVENSTRIPE —a black classic tabby she-cat, with short fur, and green eyes.

ADDEREAR —a short haired, chocolate and red, mackerel calico she-cat, with gold eyes.

STORMFANG —a short haired, black she-cat, with yellow eyes

LONERS

RUST-a brownish-red colored she-cat with soft green eyes

SNOWFLAKE-a pure white she-cat with blue eyes

MISTY-a mute she-cat with abnormally long claws

TOM-tuxedo male cat with golden eyes and white paws

CLIFF-grey tom with white surrounding his amber eyes

Prologue

The scent of rain befell the land. Light drops fell from the sky and glistened on the blades of grass; the sun had set long ago, and yet the night still felt early. Crickets chirped from their spots, hidden from sight by the foliage that surrounded them. The night was silent otherwise, and a cool breeze swept through the forest.

There was a shift in the shadows, and from all around slender dark forms crept out of the undergrowth and into the light of the moon. Claws glinted in the soft light, and eyes that glowed moved to each figure warily. One figure stepped forward, their yellow eyes narrowed and their tail slashing from side to side. They took another step forward, and then another until the moons light illuminated their slender form.

"ChervilStar," a long haired white tom growled from the shadows, "What is your reason for calling us out here? Where is Brownstar?"

"After tonight, QuietStar, you will no longer need to worry about the whereabouts of mousebrained fools like that mange-pelt." The long-haired she-cat spat, her tone laced with a venom that could make even a badger flinch. ChervilStar's gaze flickered between the other two figures before her. The one who had spoken before, QuietStar, glowered at the she-cat with obvious distaste. But it didn't matter, not when ChervilStar was determined to put her plan into place.

Another figure stepped forward and took a seat beside QuietStar. They quietly looked between QuietStar and ChervilStar before meowing a soft greeting. Their tail moved to neatly lay across their paws and, after licking down the fur along their chest, they spoke. "How is this a meeting between leaders if one of us is missing? I'm sorry for repeating, but why *have* you requested our presence? It's nearly sunhigh, I have a clan to manage."

"Oh, do you? You have a clan to manage? Well, why don't I hurry along so you can get back." ChervilStar seethed, though her

sarcastic response had little effect on the tom. "I have asked the two of you to join me here because I have matters to discuss with you. Why else would I have asked you here, PineStar?"

PineStar rolled his eyes and huffed. The tom had been made deputy around the same time as the she-cat. Having seen her at many gatherings, and during a few battles, Pinestar had grown accustomed to her negative and off-putting behavior. The she-cat was quick to anger, and was known for her bad temper throughout the four clans. "Obviously, ChervilStar. I'm not a mouse-brain. Maybe if you would hurry up instead of prolonging the discussion we could all hurry back to our clans."

ChervilStar hissed in response and QuietStar stepped between the two with narrowed eyes; he growled as his tail lashed from side to side. "*Enough!"* The tom spat angrily. "You two sound like a couple of kits! Now I'm not taking sides, but PineStar is right. You're the one who called us out here and we've still yet to know the reason. Hurry *up*." ChervilStar met QuietStars gaze angrily and huffed before turning away. The she-cat licked at one of her paws before dragging it over her head; she did this a few more times before finally speaking.

"We all know that leaf-bare is quickly approaching," ChervilStar meowed, ignoring the hostility that QuietStar had shown only moments prior. "and every year we lose more and more cats to greencough as well as the freezing winds. Not to mention the lack of prey. Now, I've been keeping an eye on all of our clans. Last leaf-bare we lost many, my clan lost three warriors and an elder. PineStar, you lost your deputy to the frozen lake and two apprentices to the harsh winds, and QuietStar, you lost your mate and kits to sickness."
PineStar raised his lip in a soft snarl, and QuietStar winced at the memory. The toms shared a glance with each other and it was clear they were thinking the same thing.
'Is this crazy she-cat really *keeping tabs on us?'*

"What's your point, ChervilStar?" QuietStar meowed in question, the tip of his tail twitching. PineStar nodded his head as if to agree with QuietStar.

"My *point*, QuietStar, is that we have all faced loss. All except for BrownStar and his clan." ChervilStar met the two Toms gazes for a moment before she continued. "I've heard from my medicine cat that their territory has an abundance of herbs. That, and even with the snow that blankets all of our territories, they still somehow have plenty of prey to go around. Think about it. Can you remember BrownStar speaking of any loss during leaf-bare through the last couple of seasons?"

The toms shared another look and, after a moment, QuietStar shook his head. Although grief lingered in his gaze, his eyes narrowed. "No, come to think of it. I haven't. In fact, I remember him celebrating quite a lot."

"And you, PineStar?" ChervilStar looked to the tom expectantly and, though he didn't want to admit it, she was right. PineStar nodded his head slowly. "How is it fair to any of us that Ivyclan continues growing while the rest of us dwindle and struggle constantly?"

"Why don't we ask if he would be willing to share some of his herbs this leaf-bare? Surely he won't refuse-"

"Don't you think I've tried that, mouse-brain?" ChervilStar growled, interrupting Pinestar before he could finish speaking. The tom glared at the she-cat in annoyance and dug his claws into the damp earth beneath them. "I've already asked him to spare a few herbs, and his response to me was that he needed them for his clan!"

"Well..what do you suppose we do? We can't take them by force. Can we?" QuietStar mumbled softly. It was obvious ChervilStar's words were having some effect on the leader, but PineStar remained silent. He wasn't sure what to think. Sure, his clan would struggle each leaf-bare, and it *did* seem like IvyClan only ever grew bigger. But to take herbs by force? They would be dooming other cats to the same fate that they faced.

Then again, BrownStar never once offered to help the other clans in their time of need. Even when they mentioned the deaths at gatherings, Brownstar paid no mind.

"We *could."* ChervilStar meowed in response, her eyes wide with a

crazed look. "If the three of us speak to him at the next gathering, there might be a chance he is willing to help. But if he refuses again.." The she-cat dug her claws into the ground angrily and narrowed her eyes, "we will have no force but to take his territory. Of course, we would split the land evenly."

Silence filled the air as the three cats looked at each other. PineStar wasn't sure if he should trust ChervilStar to keep her word, and her tone definitely didn't quell the feeling of dread that lay heavy in his stomach. QuietStar was silent for a moment and his expression showed that he was deep in thought.

"Let's say we do speak with him, and he doesn't agree. We can't just overtake an entire clan. There's a reason they're the biggest in the forest." Pinestar meowed with a slight edge to his tone. The tom wasn't sure if he wanted to go along with this plan, but he knew in his heart that he would do anything to keep his clan thriving.

"We can if we work together, Pinestar." Quietstar's meowed softly. He was staring down at the ground and his claws scraped through the soil beneath them. "If we work together, we can survive together. Right, Chervilstar?" The tom finally glanced up from the floor, and his eyes carried a look of sorrow. "I don't want anyone else to face the same fate I did when I lost my mate. No matter the clan."

'And yet you're willing to inflict that very same fate on an entire clan.' Pinestar thought quietly.

Chervilstar had a wicked gleam in her eyes, and her lips were slightly raised to expose her sharp teeth. "Of course, Quietstar. That's why I wanted to speak to you two privately. By working *together"* she sent a pointed glance to Pinestar, "we can thrive and survive each leaf-bare as it comes." The she cat let out a mrow of laughter and the sound sent a chill down Pinestars spine.

Quietstar looked to Pinestar and met his gaze. "Pinestar, I know this all sounds strange, but she's making good points. Do you really want to risk losing any more cats?" The toms voice was desperate. For a moment Pinestar wondered if he was being a little too dramatic, but then he remembered that Quietstar still had kin in

Nimbusclan. Pinestars gaze softened and he sighed while glancing over to Chervilstar. She was staring intently at Pinestar with a look he couldn't quite decipher. After meeting Quietstars gaze once more Pinestar reluctantly nodded his head.

"Fine. I agree that we will talk to Brownstar, and then we will discuss any further action." A delighted purr erupted from the chests of both cats and Chervilstar stepped forward. A bright light filtered in from above, illuminating the land around the trio. Crickets chirped and a lone owl screeched in the distance. "Then it is done. At the next gathering we will talk, and if he disagrees we will meet once more to discuss further action." Chervilstar met Pinestars gaze and he couldn't help but wonder if he was making the right decision.

Only time would tell.

A.N.

Hello !

First off, I just want to thank you for clicking on this book. I started writing this because I fell in love with the warrior series, and I wanted to create a little slice of happiness for myself as well as others.
All of the characters are my own, but most were generated on a clan generator on Google.

The story as well as the plot and prophecy are all mine as well, so please don't use them without permission.

Here are a few things to keep in mind.

I update as I go. It could happen twice in two days, or it could happen maybe twice a week. With work and everything going on, I will most likely be writing whenever I have spare time.

Some of the chapters will be short, while others will be long.

If you would like to make fan-art of my characters, please send me a picture! I love to look at other peoples art and it would make me ecstatic to see how others view my characters.

If you see any spelling errors or mistakes, feel free to point them out and I will fix them.

Again thank you for clicking on my story!

🌲 Chapter One 🌲

Golden eyes stood out amongst the tall grass of the IvyClan territory. The breeze came by in smooth gusts, just barely ruffling the dark fur of Lakefeather as she stalked her prey: a plump squirrel that sat a few tail lengths away. It seemed to be basking in the heat of the late afternoon. LakeFeather inched closer and opened her mouth to allow the squirrel's warm scent to reach the glands on the roof of her mouth. Her heartbeat quickened with anticipation and once close enough, LakeFeather leapt. Having practiced this countless times before, LakeFeather landed squarely on the lazy squirrel and finished it off quickly with a bite to the neck. Proud of what she had accomplished, LakeFeather left to gather the rest of her hunt with the squirrel hanging from her jaws. The she-cat had been out for quite some time, she had always enjoyed the peaceful serenity that came with hunting alone.

After gathering her kill, LakeFeather silently walked back to the dead tree her hunting patrol agreed to meet at. Upon her arrival, LakeFeather noticed that StormWhisker and BreezeFur were already waiting by the roots of the tree with their prey laying at their paws. Between the two of them, they had killed about three mice, two voles, a crow, and a small shrew. With Lakefeather's two squirrels and voles added, that made eleven new additions to the kill pile back at camp. LakeFeather blinked with pride at her two companions and set her prey down by her paws.

"Greetings," LakeFeather mewed politely, "You two have done very well with this hunt, I'm positive that Brownstar and Cloudshine will be pleased. Should we start heading back?" The cats before her puffed their chests out with pride. It wasn't often that Lakefeather spoke to them, or any cat for that matter, so to hear her compliment their skills meant they truly did well.

Stormwhisker, a grey tom with a crooked tail, nodded his head and picked up his prey. Breezefur, a brown tom with white paws, followed Stormwhisker's lead and did the same. Lakefeather

nodded her head and lifted her prey as well before beginning the walk back to camp. The sun was slowly beginning to set and Lakefeather was eager to get back to the warriors den for a much needed nap.

Cloudshine was waiting for them once they walked through the entrance of camp. There was a glimmer of worry shining within her dark eyes that made the fur on Lakefeathers spine rise. Dipping her head in greeting Lakefeather placed her prey down and twitched her ears.

"Cloudshine? Is everything alright?" Lakefeather meowed, making sure to keep her voice steady despite the growing anxiety she felt.

"I'm afraid not. FlamePelt has been killed by a Heatherclan warrior during a border skirmish. She hunts with Starclan, now. I'm sorry," Cloudshines voice shook with emotion. Flamepelt was an orange pelted senior warrior who had lived many moons with the clan. The she-cat was planning to retire to the elders den after the next gathering. Lakefeather didn't know what to say and stared at Cloudshine with a shocked expression. How could they have taken another life? The whole clan would suffer from this loss; Flamepelt was a well respected warrior who mentored many.

"Flamepelt is dead? How could this happen? It's against the warrior code to take the life of another cat!" Breezefur spoke up beside Lakefeather, startling her back into reality. His brown pelt bristled with unkempt rage and his claws dug into the soil beneath them. Lakefeather gently brushed her tail against his side in an attempt to calm him down. Cloudshine merely shook her head in response to his outburst, she understood where his anger came from.

"How is Brownstar taking it? He must be hurting." Lakefeather glanced towards the leader's den where a dark shadow paced back and forth. Brownstar had grown very close to Flamepelt over the last couple of moons and he thought of her as family. He already lost his parents to green cough last leafbare, Lakefeather was sure that poor Tom was suffering.

"He's as good as he can be after something like that. As a leader, I fear he won't allow himself to grieve properly." Cloudshine

responded with a flick of her tail.

"I hope he doesn't blame himself," Stormwhisker mumbled softly before taking his prey over to the kill pile.

Lakefeather and Breezefur excused themselves before doing the same. Breezefur followed Stormwhisker to the warrior's den for what Lakefeather assumed to be a nap. Having lost the urge to sleep, Lakefeather made her way over to the Leaders den and peeked her head in. Brownstar was laying in the far right corner of the space with his back turned to the entrance. Lakefeather's heart ached for her leader. She knew what the loss of a loved one felt like, but she could never imagine losing as much as he did. She cleared her throat before taking a small step into the den, and then another. Soon Lakefeather found herself standing just behind Brownstar.

"Brownstar..?" The tom leaped up at the sound of her voice and spun around quickly. By the looks of his puffed-up fur, she could tell that he was surprised and maybe a little frightened. Though at the sight of Lakefeather, he seemed to calm down quickly. Brownstar groomed down the fur on his chest and mewed a soft apology for his sudden movement. Lakefeather shook her head and neatly curled her tail around her paws. Her soft gaze lingered on Brownstar for a few moments longer. The tom looked exhausted, and there was a certain haunted look floating about in his eyes. Finally, Brownstar met her gaze, but he didn't speak. After a moment or two of staring, Lakefeather realized that he was waiting for her to speak.

Lakefeather cleared her throat as the fur along her chest rose with embarrassment. "I heard about what happened." she began quickly, "About Flamepelt- She was an amazing warrior, and I know she is proud to watch down on you from starclan." Brownstars gaze flickered away from Lakefeather and a shiver trailed over his form. Flamepelt was a fierce warrior who snapped at nearly every cat, but she's always had a soft spot for Brownstar. Brownstar had always gone to her for advice in troubling times, and always pulled through with her help.

"I know." Brownstar responded, his voice wavering. "I just- When I

became leader I had this whole idea planned out for our clans future. But there were- there are still so many unexpected obstacles. Snakefern's leaving to be a kitty pet, RockTalon betraying us for another clan- not to mention how many we lost with green cough spreading around during the last leafbare. And now *Flamepelt*?" Brownstar's voice cracked as he mention Greencough and Flamepelt. Lakefeather met his gaze with sympathy shining within her eyes. Her leader was truly hurting and at a loss for what to do, but she couldn't help. She didn't know how. The she-cat opened her mouth to respond but Brownstar silenced her with a flick of his tail. "Don't. I know you want to help me, but as leader I have to know that these are things that happen. No matter how unexpected they are, I must keep pushing forward." The leader, though pained by his loss, had a determined look shining in his dark eyes. His claws dug into the mossy earth beneath them, as if to steady him in fear of falling.

"But Brownstar, you need to *grieve*. You need to feel. Yes, it's okay to move on, to keep going forward. But all of this pain that you're pushing down will only come back to bite you in the-" Lakefeather protested but was silenced once more by Brownstar. He cast the she-cat a sad but warm look before padding past her and out of his den, his fur gently brushing against hers as he passed. Lakefeather released a defeated sigh and trudged silently out of the leaders den. Brownstar had moved to speak with his deputy Cloudshine by the elders den. The deputy gazed over Brownstar with unkempt affection and a few cats from the clan stared from their spots in the camp.

The air was filled with a feeling of loss, and yet Lakefeather couldn't help but feel as though she could have done more to help.

Lakefeather felt the weight of exhaustion creep over her body. She wanted nothing more than to curl up in her nest, but she decided to check on the queens first. Stopping by the fresh-kill pile, she grabbed two plump mice and a squirrel before making her way to the queens den. Ivyclans territory was completely filled with trees, minus the little clearly in the center where Brownstar held his meetings. The Queens den was a dug out space resting beneath a large tree whose branches reached far into the sky. The thick roots

provided cover, and with the added moss and sticks woven into place, it stayed nice and dry during the wet weather. Lakefeather poked her head into the Queens den and meowed a soft greeting.

One head popped up quickly and peered at Lakefeather with amber eyes that barely contained curiosity. "What have you got there, Lakefeather?" The she-cat mewed, her voice just barely above a whisper. Lakefeathers gaze flickered back to the other two forms that inhabited the den and she quickly realized that they were fast asleep. Lakefeather stepped further into the den and set the prey down softly. "Some prey, Blackberry. A squirrel for you, and mice for the other two," Lakefeather pointed her muzzle in the direction of the sleeping queens before looking back to Blackberry. The queen had short black fur with tufts of white spiraling down her round belly. Blackberry would have her kits soon and Lakefeather felt a rush of pride for her ever growing clan.

"That's very kind of you, Lakefeather. If only the apprentices were as attentive as you." Blackberry let out a purr of amusement and clawed the squirrel closer to herself. Once she began eating, Lakefeather dipped her head in farewell before turning and stepping out of the queens den. Now able to rest, Lakefeather made her way across the clearing and into a tunnel that was dug out beneath a bush of thorns. Occasionally, bright red flowers would adorn the branches of the bush but with it being so close to leaf-bare, most had fallen off already. The scent they produced was delightful, soft, and sweet, and Lakefeather often found herself longing for the comforting aroma. Now in the warriors den, Lakefeather curled up In her nest-which was closest to the entrance-and quickly fell into a deep slumber.

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A.N.

First chapter done. WooHoo!
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Chapter Two

Lakefeather awoke with a start and glanced around the warrior's den quickly. There were a few sleeping forms gathered around her, their soft snores bringing some peace of mind. Over the last couple of nights her dreams had been plagued with nightmares of screeching cats and claws that glinted in the high moon's light. Her gaze settled on Breezefur who was snoring softly beside her, then it moved to Sandfoot, Crowwhisker, and Nightstripe. The warriors all seemed to be at peace in their dreams; Lakefeather couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy towards her clan-mates, but quickly smothered the feeling with a flick of her ear. She longed for a decent night of rest.

After a while of tossing and turning, and being prodded in the back by a dreaming Sandfoot, Lakefeather realized that she truly would not be able to sleep again and stood before leaving the warriors den. Once in the open she lowered the front of her body to stretch out her legs and back. There weren't many cats out at the moment. The sun was beginning to set, meaning most were turning in for the night. Lakefeather's gaze traveled to the high stone where the leader's den was. She recalled their earlier conversation and blinked back her feelings of frustration. She was only trying to help him, but there was only so much she could do if he wasn't willing to listen. Beneath the high stone sat Cloudshine. Her gaze was also settled on the leader's den, but there was a look of sadness lingering in her eyes. It was obvious the two had feelings for each other, to Lakefeather at least. However, it wasn't very bright of a leader to take a mate. Given how many lives the leader has, there is a big chance that they may outlive their mate as well as their kits if they have any.

Lakefeather stalked towards the kill pile and picked a plump mouse for herself. The prey dangled from her jaws, its limp form only slightly heavy with a lack of life. Lakefeather was about to lay down in the tall grass near the nursery to eat when she heard the familiar yowl that signaled a clan meeting. She was tempted to stay in her

spot to eat and listen, but thought better of it. The meeting was more important and required her full attention. Brushing some blades of grass over her meal, Lakefeather then turned and made her way to the gathering of cats who looked warily up to their leader. Brownstar stood tall with an angry gleam in his eyes, and beside him was Cloudshine and WeevilFang. WeevilFang was a curly-haired chocolate tom with fierce golden eyes. He was staring down at the clan with anger, but it didn't seem like his anger was directed at whatever issue Brownstar was going to speak about.

"Cats of IvyClan, WeevilFang has come to me with some troubling news." Brownstar bellowed as the last of the cats trailed into the open. The leader glanced to WeevilFang and nodded, giving him permission to speak from the leaders ledge. WeevilFang took a step forward, almost passing Brownstar, and glared down to the cats below. Something flashed within his eyes and Lakefeather grimaced. She was never truly comfortable around the tom, and seeing him where Brownstar always stood gave her a sense of dread.

"I'm sure by now you all have heard what has happened to Flamepelt. Heatherclan took her life without a second thought and had the *audacity* to taunt us after *they* broke the warrior code!" Yowls of anger and sorrow met LakeFeathers ears, and WeevilFang seemed pleased with that reaction. As the voices of his clanmates died down, WeevilFang continued. "Well, it seems that taking her life wasn't enough! I have returned from a solo hunting trip, and as I passed their border I caught the scent of those filthy Heatherclan cats well across our border! I have spoken to Brownstar about this and he wants to wait and speak to the-" More yowls of anger arose from the clan. Lakefeathers ears dropped as the various voices screeched out, she would never expect her clan to show such disrespect towards a leaders decision. Not aloud, anyway.

"Wait? Why should we wait when they've killed one of our own!" The voice of Rowanpelt rose above the others. Lakefeather turned her head to glance at the tom and huffed. Rowanpelt was a dark Tom with one white paw. He was known for his angry outbursts and attempts at solving everything with violence. He often got into trouble for instigating fights with the other clans, the "V" torn into

his ear was proof of this, and he was recently told by Brownstar that if he doesn't shape up he will only be allowed to hunt in the center of the territory away from the borders.

"They could be taking our prey and our territory as we speak!" Sandfoot wailed, her yellow eyes wide with worry.

Egretstorm, one of Ivyclan's more recent queens, growled and dug her claws into the soft ground. "What about our kits! If they are okay with breaking the warrior code and taking another life, who's to say they won't go after our young!"

WeevilFang was watching the commotion from the high ledge with a look of satisfaction. It was clear to Lakefeather that he intended to cause this panic, but she wasn't sure why he would do such a thing. Lakefeather noticed Bramblepaw, a blue-grey tom with copper eyes, sitting nearby. His small body was trembling and his gaze was fixated on the floor. Aware that the onset of panic could shake any cat, Lakefeather felt a pang of pity for the apprentice and quietly moved to sit by him. Bramblepaw was a shy apprentice in comparison to Bramblestar - the cat he was named after - and she often saw him eating alone rather than with the other apprentices. Her tail wrapped around him and she purred softly in hopes of bringing him some comfort.

"Everyone just listen, please!" Bramblestar yowled out, gaining the attention of the cats once again. The leader sent a dark look to Weevilfang who only scoffed before taking a step back. Pleased with this, Brownstar looked back to his clan and sighed before speaking again. "I know this is troubling news. I know you are all frightened and angry after the loss of one of our own, I am too!" Lakefeather heard the murmurs of some cats and sent them a look to quiet down. Breezefur, having been caught, fluffed up his fur and looked down in embarrassment. "The gathering is in two days. I have decided to bring up the border skirmish as well as Flamepelts death. Hopefully the other leaders will talk some sense into Heatherclan, but if nothing works.. We will have no choice but to take action." Some cats meowed their agreement while others merely grumbled to themselves. Before Brownstar became leader, Ivyclan was known for instigating fights and eagerly going into battle. This only came to a halt when the clan lost more than a few

cats during one fight, it took a while to bounce back from that defeat. Since then, Brownstar has been trying to calm his clan and introduce more peaceful methods of dealing with things. Unfortunately, not many cats agreed with his ways.

Brownstar raised his tail to signal the end of the meeting and walked back to his den with Cloudshine following close behind him. Bramblepaw left Lakefeathers side after touching his muzzle to her flank in gratitude. The she-cat glanced around for a moment in thought. If ChervilStar, the leader of Heatherclan, denied any accusations, Ivyclan could be seen as their old, violent self. It wouldn't take much for the other clans to side with Heatherclan, Lakefeather knew her clan's history wasn't the best.

But times are different now, hopefully others would realize that as well.

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Yay, chapter two is done! ~(ˆwˆ)~
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🌲 Chapter Three 🌲

"Lakefeather, you take the land by the stream near the training grounds. Weevilfang, you take the area closest to Heatherclan, but be careful. I know that you're a capable and competent warrior, but with tensions high I don't want to risk any harm coming to you. Rednose, you and Bramblepaw take the area along the border of Hawthornclan. My warning stays the same for you, be careful and if you scent anything come back and alert me or Brownstar. I expect each of you to catch at least two prey while you are out." Cloudshine stood before the group of cats and looked at each one as she spoke. In unison, they all nodded before breaking apart. They began heading in their opposite directions to hunt for their clan, Lakefeather could hear Bramblepaw meowing excitedly to his mentor. The warm air felt good on Lakefeather's body and she wanted nothing more than to curl up in a warm ray of sunshine, but she had a job to do and she had no plans of letting Cloudshine down.

The morning had not long passed; the air was cool and gentle, and it carried the scent of mice and rabbits. Lakefeather's left ear twitched at the sound of a squirrel scurrying up a tree, but she ignored it and continued to prowl the forest until she reached her destination. As she neared the training grounds Lakefeather picked up on the sound of two voices.

"Your balance is off again, Snowpaw. You've got the crouch down, but when you move you're swaying too much- its causing your movements to become too unbalanced. Here, watch me again." Lakefeather moved silently through the undergrowth and peered out at the two cats. Sandfoot, a sandy-blonde she-cat with striking yellow eyes and white paws, was standing in the hunters crouch. Her paws were positioned expertly beneath her and, as she moved forward, her steps were as silent as a mouse. The length of her tail was straight, helping to keep her balance. Snowpaw, a young tom with long white hair and kind yellow eyes, watched his mentor with a sour look. He scuffed at the ground with a paw and growled,

"What's the point, Sandfoot? With the color of my fur, I probably won't be able to catch anything anyways." Lakefeather felt a pang of pity in her heart for the young apprentice.

"Don't you think I've faced the same struggles, Snowpaw?" Sandfoot questioned sharply after turning to face him. Snowpaw shrank under her frustrated gaze and she sighed. Lakefeather, as if sensing that the she-cat didn't know how to properly help her apprentice, and out of worry that Sandfoot would only worsen his confidence, took a step forward. "Your white pelt will be very good for the clan when leaf-bare comes. Compared to a cat like me, your white pelt will blend in nicely with the snow. While we struggle to stay hidden during such a harsh season, you won't." Snowpaw spun around to face Lakefeather with a surprised expression. Sandfoot merely met Lakefeather's gaze with annoyance. Feeling embarrassed for cutting in, the she-cat dipped her head and swished her tail slowly. "My apologies, I was just passing through when I overheard. I can't stay long, though. I'm off to hunt." Lakefeather and Sandfoot had never really seen eye to eye. Though they were litter mates, Sandfoot seemed to go out of her way to ignore Lakefeather or make snide remarks.

Lakefeather sent a kind look to Snowpaw who looked at her with gratitude. Lakefeather was nearly tempted to stay and support the apprentice, but thought better of it. Sandfoot muttered something under her breath and watched as Lakefeather trotted away into the undergrowth but the she-cat paid no mind and continued on her way.

The rest of the walk towards the stream was short, and as she grew closer to the water she could feel the soil soften beneath her paw pads. The gentle sound of water trickling down the stream met her ears and filled her with a sense of peace. Now that she was at her destination, Lakefeather prepared to hunt. She closed her eyes and parted her jaws to allow the warm scents of prey to reach the glands on the roof of her mouth. She immediately caught the scent of mice, a faint scent of squirrel, and the sweet scent of chipmunk. The sound of a woodpecker knocking its beak into a tree filled the silence of the forest and pushed Lakefeather into action. Her slender body lowered into a crouch, with her paws positioned beneath her

and her tail dangerously low to the ground, but never touching a single blade of grass.

Lakefeather inched forward, the smell of the chipmunk growing stronger the closer she got. The sounds of the forest seemed to stop as she focused on the thrill of the hunt. Lakefeather could hear her heart beating steadily, she could feel the earth beneath her paws, and she could see all that there was around her. In comparison to the other warriors of Ivyclan, Lakefeather was known for her excellent tracking and hunting skills. Sure the others were great at hunting as well, but to Lakefeather it was like the whole world stopped around her, leaving just her and her prey. Peering through the tall grass that lined the edge of the stream, Lakefeather spotted the Chipmunk almost immediately. Its tiny body quivered as its head darted from side to side in search of predators that would certainly be lurking. Then, as if deciding that it was safe enough, it lowered its guard and its body to get a drink from the stream. Taking this opportunity with an excited flick of her tail, Lakefeather bunched the muscles in her haunches and leapt forward with her claws unsheathed. Having practiced this move countless times, Lakefeather had planned to expertly land on the animal with the intent to kill, but she was cut off as a heavy body slammed into hers. Razor sharp claws dug into her side and back as a low growl met her ears. A fowl stench that she had come to recognize at many of the gatherings she attended met her senses. Heatherclan.

Immediately on the defensive, Lakefeather released an infuriated yowl and turned in her attackers grasp to rake her claws down their leg. The cat hissed in pain and, after their grip loosened from the pain, Lakefeather turned once more and jumped- effectively pushing her body into the other cats body and knocking them away. Once free from his grasp, Lakefeather turned to face the Heatherclan warrior with claws unsheathed and teeth bared. Now able to get a good look at the one who had suddenly attacked her, Lakefeather came to realize that they were Blackclaw, a black tabby tom with long fur and dull amber eyes. Blackclaw hissed in anger and took a threatening step forward. Lakefeather guessed he was trying to intimidate her, but she wouldn't back down so easily.

"Blackclaw!" Lakefeather spat with clear distast as the two cats

began to circle each other. "What business do you have in Ivyclan's territory? I knew you Heatherclan warriors were known for breaking the rules, but to attack a cat in the middle of a hunt is a new low. Even for you." Blackclaw spat angrily and lunged forward, aiming to swipe his claws down the side of LakeFeather's face. Seeing this move coming, Lakefeather nimbly ducked beneath his paw and lunged forward. The top of her hand slammed into the tom's chest and as she felt him gasp from the sudden lack of air, Lakefeather took the opportunity to repeat the move. The second time she slammed into him, Blackclaw stumbled back and tripped on his own tail. He fell down rather quickly and had it not been for the anger she felt, Lakefeather might have made fun of him.

Lakefeather wasn't normally one to attack when her opponent was down, but given the circumstance she figured she could make an exception. Before Blackclaw could get back to his paws, Lakefeather pounced forward and slammed her paws down and onto the warrior's stomach. Blackclaw wheezed out a squeal of pain and wriggled around beneath her, though the feel LakeFeather's claws digging into his stomach made him come to a stop rather quickly. "Now, I will only ask you this one more time. If you refuse to answer, I have no problem leaving you with a permanent reminder that Ivyclan is not to be messed with. Got it?" Lakefeather met Blackclaw's gaze with a low growl, her tail angrily lashing from side to side. "What is your business on Ivyclan's territory?"

Lakefeather expected the tom to yield and answer her question. She even expected him to plead with her to remove her claws. So when he started chuckling, she wasn't sure what to do. Did Blackclaw think this was some sort of game? What kind of sick minded cat would laugh at a time like this. "What on earth could you find so funny right now? Stop!" Frustrated with the cat beneath her, Lakefeather didn't realize that she had applied more pressure to his stomach until she felt the warmth of his blood seeping around her paws.

"Don't you think you should be asking me something more important?" Blackclaw grunted out in pain, his tail angrily lashing at the ground beneath them. Lakefeather narrowed her eyes in confusion. What else could she possibly ask him? Sensing her

confusion, Blackclaw cackled sarcastically and rolled his eyes. "Come on. Here I was thinking Ivyclan cats were smarter than most, but you're proving me wrong. Well, you've already proved me wrong when you couldn't even pick up my scent-" Blackclaw gasped in pain as Lakefeather pushed her paws further into his stomach. A dark expression took over the arrogant warrior's face and he raised his lip in a snarl. "Why do you think you were able to take me down so easily? All this time you've spent on me and you *still* haven't realized that I was just a distraction."

"Lakefeather!" Snowpaw burst through the undergrowth in a panic, nearly ramming straight into the two warriors. His usual white fur was stained red with blood and his sides were heaving as he attempted to get air into his lungs. Realizing this was his chance to escape, Blackclaw used the distraction to swipe his claws down Lakefeather's face, just barely missing her right eye. Lakefeather winced at the pain and hissed sharply as the tom shoved her away and took off running. Before Lakefeather had a chance to run after him he had already leapt over the small stream and disappeared into the foliage that surrounded Heatherclan's territory. She was tempted to still give chase and nearly ran after him before the pleading voice of Snowpaw grabbed her attention again.

"Lakefeather *please,* we're under attack!"

Chapter Four

The passage of time grew impossibly slow and Lake'Feathers blood ran cold. After Snow'paw came to her for help against the sudden attack, she took off sprinting towards the battle. It wasn't long before she heard the snarling and yowls of both her clanmates and enemies. Why anyone would want to attack Ivy'Clan was a mystery to her; she as well as the rest of her clan had tried to live peacefully ever since Brown'Star became leader.

Lake'Feather broke through the entrance to Ivy'Clans camp and slid to a stop, the soft soil and moss that blanketed the floor getting kicked up in the process. The sight before her was gruesome. Her clanmates were severely outnumbered, it seemed as though cats from every other clan had come to attack them. A loud hiss of pain caught Lake'Feathers attention and she spun around quickly. Bee'Fur, a short haired red spotted tabby she-cat with hazel eyes from Heather'Clan, was currently battling aggressively Night'Stripe, an Ivy'Clan warrior with short fur, and gold eyes. Bee'Fur had Night'Stripe pinned on his back with her back paws digging into his stomach. Night'Stripe had his paws pressed against her chest to keep her head away from his throat, though she kept snapping down like some savage beast.

Ice cold fear rushed through Lake'Feathers veins and chilled her to her very core. Was Bee'Fur trying to kill Night'Stripe? A warrior, no matter the clan, should never take another cat's life. It was one of the biggest things mentors were supposed to teach their apprentices. Pushing herself into action, Lake'Feather sprinted towards the fight. Her body barreled into Bee'Furs body hard, knocking her down and out of the way. Bee'Fur gasped as she hit the floor and hissed in pain and anger. Taking what little time she had, Lake'Feather glanced towards Night'Stripe and flattened her ears. Night'Stripe was struggling to stand, and blood was dripping heavily from a wound on his stomach. Night'Stripe met Lake'Feathers gaze for a few seconds before nodding once and hobbling off towards the shadows where, hopefully, Honey'whisker

would be waiting.

Lake'Feather returned her attention to Bee'Fur just as she pushed herself back to her paws. Her sides were heaving as she took deep, heavy breaths, and her gaze was sharp with hatred.
"Why are you doing this? What has Ivy'Clan done to deserve such an attack!" Lake'Feather yowled in desperation, the battle sounds around her growing louder. More cats spilled into the clearing, Ivy'Clan was heavily outnumbered. "You were aiming to kill Night'Stripe! You as a warrior should know that killing another cat is against the warrior code-"

Bee'Fur lunged forward and swiped her claws down Lake'Feathers face, effectively cutting her sentence off as she snarled in annoyance. "Warrior code? Please! You and your clan are despicable. Not once have you helped anyone else in need, we had cats dying because your selfish leader didn't want to share any herbs!" Lake'Feather winced at the sudden pain from the attack and gnashed her teeth. Bee'Fur didn't give her a chance to retaliate before she attacked again, but this time Lake'Feather was ready. Just as Bee'Fur lunged, Lake'Feather dropped down and, as Bee'Fur grew closer, shoved herself off the ground. Her body slammed into Bee'Furs and they both barreled into the ground with as much force as she could manage. As they landed, Lake'Feather swiveled and dug her shoulder into Bee'Furs stomach, only satisfied when she heard a gasp of pain from her attacker. Now with an advantage, Lake'Feather began her own attack on the Heather'Clan scum. With claws digging into flesh, the two she-cats tussled and spat at each other with enough venom to kill a full grown warrior. After receiving a rather harsh bite to her tail, Bee'Fur yowled in fury and glared at Lake'Feather before turning and running off into the undergrowth with wounds that covered her body in aching masses.

Now able to continue fighting for her clan, Lake'Feather turned and charged at her next opponent, a warrior of Nimbus'Clan. The warrior, Numb'Fang, a short haired, red mackerel tabby tom with hazel eyes, was currently facing her clan mate Storm'Whisker, a white and brown tabby with a crooked tail. Storm'Whiskers sides were heaving heavily, and an angry open wound was pouring blood from his side. Pushing herself to go faster, Lake'Feather had almost

reached the two cats before she felt a heavy weight barrel into her. She let out a sharp hiss and slashed her claws at the cat who attacked her, though her claws barely scraped down the ends of their fur. She soon felt teeth digging into her flank, then into her skin. They sunk down further, as if the attacker was making it known that they would show no mercy. With a yowl of anger, Lake'Feather slashed her claws again and was momentarily pleased that they had connected with the other cats head. With all of her might, Lake'Feather raked her claws down the other cats face in hopes of making them loosen their grip.

The cat let out a cry of pain and released Lake'Feather, allowing her to stumble back as they shook the blood from their eyes. The cat that had attacked her was revealed to be an apprentice of Nimbus'Clan. She assumed that they had seen her charging at the warrior from their clan and wanted to intervene before she could stop the fight from escalating. The apprentice, Spider'Paw, a black spotted tabby tom with long fur and amber eyes, was glaring heavily at Lake'Feather with teeth bared in an almost silent snarl. A pang of pity swept over Lake'Feather as she got a good look at the younger cat. They were small and thin, and their fur was dark with blood. Though none of it appeared to be theirs.

"Spider'Paw, why are you doing this?!" Lake'Feather meowed, her eyes pleading with him to stop his attack. It was clear her words weren't reaching him, though, as he attacked her only seconds after she spoke. Spider'paws eyes blazed with the fury and excitement of battle and with a ferocious hiss he leapt forward, his claws unsheathed and aiming directly for Lake'Feathers throat. Her blood ran cold when she realized that this apprentice was trying to kill her. At the last moment, Lake'Feather pushed herself onto her hind legs and brought herself down heavily, her paws pushing down on the apprentices back hard. His body hit the ground with a heavy thud and he gasped as the air was knocked out of him. Despite the lack of air in his lungs, Spider'Paw released a yowl of anger and thrashed around beneath her. To keep her grip on him, Lake'Feather dug her claws into his back and hissed, "Spider'Paw, stop!"

Another cat slammed into Lake'Feathers side, knocking her off of Spider'Paw in the process. She tumbled away and as her body came

to a halt, her head slammed into a rock that jutted out of the ground. Her vision swam, with black creeping in from the corners of her eyes. She could just barely make out the form of Spider'Paw and the other cat walking towards her, but she felt too weak to move. Pain was pounding within her head, and even if she made the slightest movement it grew worse. Her claws dug into the ground beneath them as she prepared for the inevitable, the final blow.

Lake'Feather knew she wouldn't be able to take on the two cats. At least, not with the head wound she had just received. A low growl met her ears, though the sound appeared distant and fuzzy. With one last glance upward, Lake'Feather met the cold gaze of Quiet'star, leader of Nimbus'Clan, before he raised his body and came down fast, slamming his paws onto her head.

It was then that everything turned black.

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A/N: *hey all! I know it's been a bit since I've updated. I got two jobs so I'm pretty much worked out lol. I just want to thank those of you who stuck around and waited for the next chapter.*

Sorry that this is a short one! It's my first time doing a fighting scene.

Don't forget to vote, follow and add the story to your reading list! Chapter five will be out soon. ❤

🌲 Chapter Five 🌲

TW: Mild talk of Gore.

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"Lake'Feather...."

"...have to turn back!"

"....cant- ....run!"

Lake'Feather drifted in and out of consciousness, her mind and body like a whirlpool of sensations that both terrified and angered her.

Her body felt sore and achy, each muscle crying out in pain with each bumb and shake of her body. Lake'Feather tried with all of her might to open her eyes, yet they were too heavy and remained shut. She could hear voices, though they seemed distant and muffled, like they were coming from underwater; the soft whispers of wind and rustle of leaves were distant and hazy.
Her mind became a jumble of fragmented thoughts, like pieces of a puzzle that didn't quite fit together. Memories from the battle flashed within her mind, mixing with dream-like images that showed the cats she once knew with desperation in their eyes. It was like floating in a dream, where fantasy and reality mash together in a complicated dance.

Lake'Feather could feel the warmth of her own breath, and feel the rise and fall of her chest as she breathed along to the drum of her heartbeat. Each inhale felt like a struggle, as if holding onto consciousness by the whisker. She felt so heavy, as if her own weight would cause her to sink deep into the ground.

"Lake'Feather!"

Time seemed to lose it's grip. It stretched and distorted, causing minutes to feel like hours, and hours to feel like mere seconds. It was as though Lake'Feather was suspended between the waking

world, and the world of sleep.

"WAKE UP!"

Lake'Feather's eyes shot open and she gasped, taking in air as if the oxygen within her very lungs had disappeared. Her head was pounding. Blurred images of familiar outlines rushed forward, surrounding her and closing in like a cat on a mouse. She let out a distorted yowl and numbly swiped a paw, but she was weak, and her paw only met air. Her paw hit the ground with a light tap and she shut her eyes tightly in an attempt to stop her vision from spinning.

"I'm so happy you're awake," A voice cried, and soon after Lake'Feather felt weight pressing into her side.

"Now hold on, give her some room. She needs time to fully wake up." Another voice meowed. Lake'Feather groaned and slowly peeled her eyes open. This time she was able to see without a wave of nausea crashing over her, and the world didn't spin. Another weight pressed into her side, though this time it wasn't as heavy as before. Groggily looking to the left, she recognized the shivering form of Bramble'paw. His body was littered with fresh wounds, though they were covered in small amounts of broken herbs. He gazed up at her with wide, innocent eyes that screamed so many emotions.

Turning away, she became aware of three other cats she was familiar with. Breeze'fur, a warrior she knew well, Rowan'pelt, another warrior she was acquainted with, and finally Honey'whisker. Honey'whisker is a sparse haired, white tom, with golden eyes. The four toms gazed upon Lake'Feather with worried and anxious expressions, each one of them bearing fresh wounds from the battle that took place at their camp.

"What happened?" Lake'Feather meowed after a moment, her voice hoarse and gravelly. Turning her head to the side she released a few harsh coughs, and when she returned to her previous position she was met with a moss ball; damp with water that she assumed came from the lake on their territory. Lake'Feather greedily lapped at the cool liquid and sighed heavily once she finished.

"Ivy'clan was attacked," Breeze'fur spoke gently, his golden eyes ablaze with anger. "First it was Nimbus'Clan. I thought perhaps they were attacking because of an incident at the last gathering- but then Hawthorn'clan attacked soon after. Cats started dying left and right-"

Breeze'fur's voice cracked and he looked down. His body vibrated with emotion, and his eyes were shut tight, as if he were trying his hardest to push the memory away. Rowan'pelt spoke up once it became clear that Breeze'fur couldn't continue. The tom placed his tail on the younger warriors back in hopes of comforting him.

"Heather'clans attack came quickly. We didn't even have time to breathe before we were heavily outnumbered. It didn't matter how hard we fought. I remember hearing one of our own apprentices pleading for her life-" Rowan'pelt cast a sad glance at Bramble'paw who flinched back at the memory. "Sorry.."

"What of Brown'star? Surely he didn't lose all of his lives in battle, he was young!" Lake'Feather exclaimed, her body weak with exhaustion. This time it was Honey'whisker who spoke. The tom, who was normally so upbeat and pleasant, looked crestfallen, with eyes clouded in pain and grief. "He may have appeared that way, yes. But some wounds are far too fatal to return from." A haunted look passed over Honey'whiskers face and he shuddered before shaking his head. "I'll reveal what happened, but I don't think Bramble'paw should overhear. He hasn't said a word since we escaped the battle, I'm worried hearing something so vile could keep him silenced permanently."

Lake'Feather nodded her head in understanding before softly pressing into Bramble'paws side. The apprentice was still beside her as she spoke with the older cats. His eyes remained wide, haunted. He stared off into space quietly, save for the few small whimpers that escaped his lips. "Wait here, Bramble'paw. We'll return shortly." Bramble'paw didn't respond, and instead curled tightly into a ball while his tail draped over his face.

Lake'Feather softly nudged the apprentice with her nose before shakily standing to her paws. The world grew hazy for a moment and she had to freeze before she fell again. Once her vision returned

to normal, she took a small step forward and motioned with her tail at the others to follow her as she walked away. The three toms complied and followed close by, each one keeping an eye out in case Lake'Feather were to suddenly fall. Once they were far enough, Lake'Feather turned to face the trip and took a seat.

By the expression on her face, Honey'whisker knew it was time to continue.
"Brown'star fought bravely with Cloudshine by his side. They battled fiercely, yet their strength was no match for how outnumbered they became. " Breeze'fur sat beside Honey'whisker while Rowan'pelt took a seat beside Lake'Feather. He pressed into her side softly, as if aware of what Honey'whisker was going to say. "Cat after cat barreled into Cloud'shine," Honey'whisker continued, "Brown'star tried to save her, but by the time he was able to get to her it was too late. She was dead, with her throat slit and her eyes clawed shut."

Lake'Feather could tell that relaying this information was a struggle, so when Honey'whisker grew silent she didn't push. Instead, she waited silently for him to continue. Her heart was beating wildly against her chest, as if trying to escape its prison. Though she didn't want to believe it, Lake'Feather knew that the cat she looked up to most was gone.

"Brown'star became furious. He demanded to know why his cats were being killed, why the other clans would turn their backs on the warrior code. Rather than receiving an answer, the same cats who killed Cloud'shine went after him. The last thing I saw was the cats tearing into him before I ran to safety. I wanted to help, I was desperate to, but I couldn't. Like a coward I was frozen in place-"

"Hey, no. Don't say that." Lake'Feather stood quickly, startling Rowan'pelt who had placed his tail over her back to keep her grounded as she learned of their leaders'death. She pressed her face into Honey'whiskers shoulder and shook her head. "If you had gone to help, you would have been killed. Those were trained warriors, and apprentices with many moons of training. You are a medicine cat- your strength lies within the herbs. I'm sure Brown'star wouldn't have wanted you to help him, he would have wanted you to save yourself and as many other cats as you could."

Honey'whisker grew silent, and Rowan'pelt and Breeze'fur did the same. The four cats mourned silently together, as they knew there was no home for them to return to. They had not only lost their territory, but they lost their way of life as well. No longer would they attend gatherings, and no longer would they be a clan.

After a while of standing together, the three males left Lake'Feather to think over what she learned. She didn't know what to feel. Of course, she was sad. Broken-hearted, even. But she was also furious with herself for not being there when her clan needed her most. If only she had run faster, perhaps she could have saved Brown'star. He had always been a father figure to her. When her den mother passed after birthing her litter, and when her siblings passsed in previous battles, he had always been there.

Now he was gone.

Emotion swelled within her chest and, while digging her claws into the hard soil beneath them, she let out a yowl of melancholy and anguish..

~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•

Don't forget to vote for this chapter and add this book to your library!

Chapters will be updated at different times as I am working two jobs. Any support is appreciated!

🌲 Chapter Six 🌲

Three days had passed since Lake'Feather awoke. Her physical wounds were slowly healing, as were those the rest of the survivors had accumulated. Rowan'pelt and Breeze'fur seemed to be dealing with everything as best as they could given the circumstances. Honey'whisker and Bramble'paw, however, seemed to be struggling with the weight of knowing things will never be the same again.

Bramble'paw hasn't uttered a single word in the time that Lake'Feather was awake. He just stared numbly into the distance, his eyes glazed over like newly cut glass. It was like he was stuck, never knowing what to do or say. It was a struggle just to get him to eat.

Honey'whisker often sat by his side, murmuring soft words into his ear in hopes of bringing back his former self. At one point upon passing the two as they sat together, Lake'Feather overheard Honey'whisker mumble something about Star'Clan watching down on them. But Bramble'paw cringed back as if the very mention of their ancestors hurt him. One couldn't blame him, though. Even Lake'Feather found herself wondering why their ancestors didn't help, or at the very least send some sort of sign that what the other clans were doing was wrong. Honey'whisker was a medicine cat. The least they could have done was send him some sort of vision to warn him of troubles to come.

But they didn't.

Lake'Feather could tell that Honey'whisker felt abandoned. It showed in the way he moved and spoke. It was like he desperately wanted to believe that we weren't alone out here in unfamiliar territory, but he was struggling. As were the rest of the remaining cats.

"Hey," Lake'Feather flinched back, startled out of her thoughts at the sound of Breezefur who was currently walking towards her with a limp mouse hanging from his jaw by its tail. The tom limped as he

walked, his left hind leg wrapped tightly with cobwebs that held various herbs in place. Once he stopped in front of Lake'Feather he set the mouse down and nudged it towards her with his paw. "You need to eat something, have this."

Lake'Feather eyed the mouse for a moment before turning her head away, her gaze falling onto Honey'whisker and Bramble'paw once again. "Have they eaten yet?"

Breeze'fur shook his head in response and Lake'Feather huffed. "I appreciate you looking out for me, but they need the food more. I doubt Honey'whisker has gone to eat anything at all today, I've only seen him comforting Bramble'paw." Breeze'fur sighed and nudged the mouse closer to Lake'Feather, who in turn narrowed her eyes. The tom merely grunted and sat down beside Lake'Feather, making it a point to meet her gaze as he did so.

"Rowan'pelt is out hunting for them as we speak. I understand you want to look out for them, but it's going to be hard to do that when you're half starved with little strength. Eat." Breeze'fur meows, his tone soft and yet stern at the same time. Lake'Feather stared at him for a moment longer before giving in with a sigh. She had to admit, she was pretty hungry.

Lake'Feather ate in silence with Breezefur by her side, his watchful gaze lingering on her for a few moments before trailing away. It seemed he was content remaining there.

Sometime after Lake'Feather finished her meal, Rowan'pelt came trotting back through the bushes. The sudden movement caused Bramble'paw to let out a sharp hiss before he scrambled away, taking cover in a space hidden beneath some large roots sticking out of the ground. Honey'whisker glared at Rowan'pelt before turning to follow the apprentice, leaving Rowan'pelt with a sour expression on his face.
Lake'Feather instantly noticed that he wasn't carrying any prey.

Apparently Breeze'fur did, too, because he stepped forward quickly with a questioning meow. "Rowan'pelt, where's the prey you were supposed to catch?" Lake'Feather pushed herself to her paws, nearly stumbling in the process as a wave of dizziness washed over her.

The wound she had received on her head after the battle was still healing, albeit very slowly. After the dizziness subsided she moved to stand beside Breezefur and glanced between the two cats quietly.

"I couldn't find anything." Rowan'pelt responds, sounding defeated. The tom's dark fur was ungroomed, and his blue eyes carried a look of sadness that he seemed to be holding back. Lake'Feather felt pity for him, knowing that he hasn't had the chance to grieve the loss of his clan properly. "This part of the forest is chock-full of herbs and trees, and yet the scent of prey animals is almost non-existent. You would think we'd have an endless supply of food.."

"That's not an excuse, Rowan'pelt." Breeze'fur cut him off with a light growl, annoyance lacing his tone. Rowanpelt's ears flattened against his skull. "We have cats to feed here. An apprentice, and a medicine cat who needs to eat as well. I'm guessing you had your fill out there, right? Feeding the clan comes first-"

"What clan?!" Rowan'pelt spat while taking an aggressive step forward. "We're all that's left!"

Breeze'fur became silent as a pained expression crossed his face. Though, as quickly as it had appeared, it was replaced with anger. The tom hissed and unsheathed his claws, his muscles bunching as if he were preparing to lunge.

Lake'Feather quickly moved to stand between the two, her fur rising and her claws unsheathing in case she would have to break up a fight between them. "Stop! Fighting won't do anything to help us." She looked between Breeze'fur and Rowan'pelt, her eyes narrowed with anger. "While I agree with you, Breezefur, that he should have waited to eat until he was sure he could catch more, we can't do anything now that it's already done."

Breeze'fur grumbled to himself, still glaring daggers at Rowan'pelt who was now looking down at Lake'Feather with annoyance clear in his eyes. She ignored it, though, and continued speaking. "Are you sure you couldn't catch a fresh scent trail? Even towards the stream?"
The day after Lake'Feather woke up, Breezefur and Rowan'pelt had discovered a small stream a decent walk from where they set up

camp. It wasn't big enough to hold anything worth catching, and the stuff It ***did*** hold was too fast for them to catch. Ivy'Clan was never known for their fishing skills, rather they had been known for their pride and speed.

Rowan'pelt shook his head slowly before replying. "I'm positive. The only other scent trail that seemed fresh was the mouse Breeze'fur caught. I only noticed it was that one when I came across his scent as well."

Lake'Feather looked down at her paws. Guilt gnawed away at her heart. She knew she should have offered the mouse to Honey'whisker and Bramble'paw, so why had she let Breezefur talk her into eating? She couldn't blame him, though, as she knew he wasn't aware of the lack of prey in this part of the forest.

"Maybe Starclan is telling us something- probably that we should have died off like the rest of our clan." Breeze'fur grumpily spoke up. Lake'Feather and Rowan'pelt looked at him with shock clear on their faces. How could he say something so terrible, and so casually at that!

Before Lake'Feather could say anything, another voice spoke up. "Maybe instead of speaking about our ancestors in such an insulting way, you should be out trying to find more food."

The trio turned to find Honey'whisker standing a few mouse-leaps away. His pelt was prickling with anger and his eyes were narrowed into harsh slits; his gaze was directed at Breezefur who had the gall to look bored. "Didn't you hear what Rowan'pelt said? There's nothing-"

"Of course, Honey'whisker. I'm sorry about him." Lake'Feather cut Breezefur off, sending the male a dark glare as she did so. Honey'whisker stared them down for a moment longer before turning around and making his way back to where Bramble'paws trembling body lay hidden.
Once he was out of sight Lake'Feather turned on Breeze'fur with an angry hiss. "Mouse-brain. How could you say something like that!"

Breeze'fur didn't respond and instead looked away. It took a lot to

make Lake'Feather angry, and it was clear that he didn't enjoy being the one to push her to that point. Lake'Feather scoffed and pushed past him, calling out to Rowan'pelt as she did so.

"Come on! Show me where the stream is, we can begin searching for fresh scents past the water."

🌲 Chapter Seven 🌲

After the trio left their make-shift camp and headed towards the stream, they settled into an uncomfortable silence. Rowan'pelt took the lead while Lake

Feather followed about a Fox-tails length away from him. Breezefur was further back, occasionally muttering grumpily to himself while glaring at everything he passed. At one point Lake'Feather had felt bad for insulting him, but she knew that he had to learn how wrong it was of him to speak the way that he did.

Venturing further into the forest, the cats began to notice that the sounds they had become so used to were no longer there; birds didn't chirp their songs, and mice didn't scurry off into the unknown at the sound of the cats approaching foot fall. Even the buzz of insects moving about was non-existent.

The silence was so loud.

With each paw step forward, Lake'Feather was pushed further into the uneasiness of her mind, her thoughts swirling around with theories on why this mysterious place held no prey. What could have happened? Was this land sick? How far had the others ran before she awoke?

"I don't like it here.." Breezefur meowed, his sudden statement causing Lake'Feather to wince out of surprise. Rowan'pelt hummed his agreement and they continued to walk. Soon enough, the small stream could be heard trickling down its own path. Relieved to hear something other than silence, Lake'Feather pushed herself to move faster, eventually walking alongside Rowan'pelt who gazed upon her in pleasant surprise. As if unnerved by being left in the back, Breezefur broke into a trot to catch up to his other two companions, the grumpy expression no longer present on his face.

"Where do you think all the prey went?" Lake'Feather glanced away from the others and stared straight as they walked. The stream

could be seen now; it was shallow enough to walk through while just barely getting the fur on their stomachs wet.

"I'm not sure. But I don't think we should stay here much longer." Rowan'pelt meowed with a flick of his tail. As they approached the stream, Lake'Feather moved forward and dipped her head to lap at its crisp surface. Relief warmed her chest, accompanied by the cool feeling of water as she swallowed. She had been craving fresh water, having only been lapping at the small surface of a moss ball at the order of Honey'whisker - she wasn't to leave their make-shift camp until she was able to stand and walk around without feeling dizzy.

"Why not?" Breeze'fur questioned in response, his eyes squinting with curiosity.

This time, it was Lake'Feather who spoke. "With no food, we'll starve. It's not only the prey, either. I haven't scented a single other animal besides you two, and a faint trail that Honey'whisker and Bramble'paw left behind." She turned to glance at the two, her eyes ablaze with worry. "What if something is driving them away? What if the land is sick?"

"I doubt the land would be sick and still have all of this foliage," Breeze'fur countered, his tone sharp and annoyed. Perhaps, Lake'Feather thought, he was still upset about her snapping at him.

"Sometimes sickness can't be seen on the outside." Rowan'pelt added in after taking a drink from the stream. "Take last Leaf-bare for example. Nebulosa'Sun didn't show any symptoms at first, and yet he still passed from sickness." Lake'Feather shuddered. Nebulosa'Sun was a dear friend of hers, having been raised alongside her in the nursery. When they were kits they always made plans to become leader and deputy, no matter who became what. Lake'Feather always secretly wished he would become leader, though.

Nebulosa'Sun was a strong warrior, until last claw-moon. One day he was perfectly fine, going on patrol with Lake'Feather and joking around with her like normal, and the next he was too weak to move. Lake'Feather stayed by his side until the very end, and his reason for becoming so sick was never found.

"Lake'Feather?"

Pulled from her thoughts, Lake'Feather met the gaze of Rowan'pelt before glancing away with an embarrassed flick of her tail.
"Sorry, I was just thinking."

"Oh. Are you okay?" Rowan'pelt asked softly, a knowing look in his eyes. Rowan'pelt had also been friends with Nebulosa'Sun, though not quite as good as Lake'Feather was.
Lake'Feather nodded her head, unable to think of anything to say.

"Yeah, I'm fine. We should get started on searching for prey, I'm sure Honey'whisker and Bramble'paw are starving by now." Without waiting for a response, Lake'Feather moved forward and leapt over the small stream. She landed on the other side gracefully, and Rowan'pelt and Breeze'fur soon landed on either side of her.

After deciding how they should split up, Lake'Feather began a straight walk into the forest where she would soon disappear.

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The air was heavy with an eerie stillness, with only the soft rustling of leaves beneath moving paws could be heard. The dense canopy above LakeFeather cast long, chilling shadows that danced elegantly across the forest floor, only intensifying her unease. Her whiskers twitched with every step, her senses on high alert. The scent of damp earth mingled with the faint aroma of decaying leaves, creating an unsettling atmosphere. The trees loomed tall and imposing, their gnarled branches reaching out like sharp claws, ready to snatch her away at any given moment.

Suddenly, a large blur of movement caught LakeFeathers attention. Jumping back just in time, she felt a rush of wind as the blur rushed past her; her eyes grew wide with fear and just as quickly as the blur appeared, it was gone, having vanished into the unknown depths of the forest. Frozen in place, LakeFeather attempted to calm her breathing. What was it exactly that she had seen? Perhaps a figment of her imagination, her mind troubled with thoughts she didn't want to think. The she-cat shook her head, almost immediately wincing as her vision grew blurry for a moment.

After taking the time to compose herself and calm her racing heartbeat, LakeFeather strained her ears in hopes of catching any sound that might reveal the figures position or identity. Unfortunately, she was only met with the haunting whisper of the wind blowing through the tree tops.

With a flick of her tail, LakeFeather decided to continue her journey, her steps now more cautious than ever. She couldn't ignore the lingering sense of danger, but her warrior spirit and drive pushed her forward, determined to find what she came here for.

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Authors Note:

Hello everyone!

First off, i want to apologize for taking so long with this chapter. I recently took over the family business, so ive been very busy with training and learning the route.

Im trying to incorporate an uneasy feeling with this chapter, basically describing how LakeFeather would view a real life "dark forest."

Please feel free to correct any grammatical errors, or mistakes/repetition you may find in the story, and dont forget to

Comment, Vote, Follow, and Add this book your library!

🐱Authors Note🐱

Hello everyone!

I just wanted to say thank you for clicking on my book. I know my updates haven't exactly been frequent, but I am trying my best to write in my free time after work.

The next update should be uploaded within one to two days, three being the most.

For now, please remember to like, vote, and comment! Please don't forget to add this story to your library so you get updates on the next chapters!

May StarClan watch over you all ❤🐱

Alsoo, if you are a roleplayer, feel free to join this discord server! It's based off of one of my own plots that I plan on using for a future book. If you join, you may earn a place in the book with your OC!
https://discord.com/invite/C3pp3b7tca

🌲 Chapter Eight 🌲

Some time had passed before LakeFeather trudged back to the meeting place. Her ears were lowered in defeat, and her fluffy tail was dragging in the dirt behind her, the soft color stained in brown as small twigs and leaves clung to it; the events that took place during her search for prey forgotten for the time being. Breezefur and RowanPelt were waiting there already, waiting for Lakefeather to return with looks of what could only be shame.

They failed, and so did LakeFeather.

RowanPelt met LakeFeathers gaze for a split moment before glancing away, and BreezeFur merely kept his head lowered in shame. With a soft sigh, LakeFeather approached her fellow warriors and, with a gentle meow, she questioned how their time in the forest went, and if they had caught anything, though she was sure she already knew the answer.

"I caught onto a few scent trails, but it seemed as though every time I got close enough- it vanished. I couldn't pick it up again." RowanPelt yawned in response, his tail anxiously flicking from side to side. LakeFeather nodded her head and glanced at BreezeFur, who still had his head lowered, his gaze settled on his paws.

"I couldn't even pick up a scent trail.." BreezeFur eventually replied, only after realizing he was being stared at by LakeFeather and RowanPelt.
RowanPelt had an odd expression, and before LakeFeather could stop him, he meowed a sharp statement. "Maybe if you hadn't insulted Starclan, we could have caught something today. But you had to go and open that fat mouth of yours-"

"RowanPelt!" LakeFeather interjected, her tone laced with a sharp and angry hiss. BreezeFur's eyes had grown wide and, despite looking like he wanted to reply, he merely turned and fled back

towards the direction of their make-shift camp.

"You know, we're in this together RowanPelt. I understand that you and BreezeFur aren't getting along right now, but that doesn't mean you have to act like you have a foxes heart." LakeFeather glowered at the smug looking tom before turning and walking back to camp as well, Breezefur's scent of frustration pointing her in the right direction. She could faintly hear RowanPelt grumbling to himself before the sound of his rapid paw-steps alerted her to his quick approach. They walked together in silence, LakeFeather remaining just a paw step ahead of RowanPelt.

The forest is silent, save for the crunching leaves and soft whistle of wind as it dances through the tree limbs above. LakeFeather found herself thinking back to what she had seen in the part of the forest she searched. What exactly was that? She was tempted to think it was nothing more than a figment of her imagination. But would a figment of her mind cause such a real feeling of fear? The figure had seemed so real, the wind she felt against her face as it drew near was *real.* Mustering up what courage she had, despite being fearful of the fact she may be labeled as delusional or unwell, she turned her head and glanced up to RowanPelt, only to find that he had been glancing down at her all along.

After meeting LakeFeathers gaze, RowanPelt quickly looked away and stared ahead, pretending as if he weren't just staring heavily at the cat beside him. Ignoring the twinge in her chest, she began to speak, her gaze now moving to stare ahead as well.

"You...-." She began, pausing for a moment as if to choose her words carefully. RowanPelts ears twitched and, though he wasn't looking at LakeFeather, she knew he was listening. "You didn't follow me when I went searching for prey, did you?"

RowanPelt seemed confused, his eyes narrowing in question. "Did I follow you? No. I figured looking for prey would be more important than making sure you were fine on your own." His tone was dull, flat. LakeFeather, a little hurt at his comment, continued on. They were near the camp now, and she could just barely hear HoneyDews loud wailing from where they walked. "Okay." She meowed, her breathing growing heavier. She made a mental note to

get some rest when they got back to camp, knowing that she had been on her paws for too long despite not being fully healed.

"Then, while you were out- did you see anything strange? Or hear anything?" She pressed further after a moment of silent walking.

"No, I didn't. Okay? I already told you 'no' once before, LakeFeather. What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me? I'm asking a simple question, and you're biting back like some cornered mouse! If you didn't want to talk you could have said that." With a scoff, and no longer troubled by what she had seen, LakeFeather stormed ahead, eventually pushing through the brambles that encased the entrance of their make-shift camp.

As she pushed through, LakeFeather immediately spotted an angry HoneyWhisker glaring down at a sulking BreezeFur. BramblePaw was nowhere to be seen, and LakeFeather assumed that he was probably off in one of his many hiding places.

"This is ridiculous! You're telling me not a single one of you could find *anything*? You expect me to believe that there wasn't any prey in this forest?" HoneyWhisker spat, his tone, which was usually calm and controlled, filled with a venom that was unfamiliar to LakeFeather. Her ears began to lower back as a feeling of guilt swept through her.

It was RowanPelt who stepped forward, his tone neutral as he explained what BreezeFur and LakeFeather mentioned earlier. He, of course, left out the part where he insulted Breezefur, and with the look that was on Breezefur's face, it was clear that he noticed that as well.

HoneyWhisker looked skeptical at first, but after a moment of staring down RowanPelt, he seemed to calm down. With a slow exhale, BreezeFur stepped forward, his tail lowered near to the ground and his ears drooping.

"We truly did try, HoneyWhisker."

With a grumble, the medicine cat nodded his head before turning and stalking away, presumably to the make-shift burrow where he kept what little herbs he found. The trio of cats shared a look before LakeFeather broke away to follow HoneyWhisker. The aches in her body were growing, but she tried her best to ignore them for the time being. She had something more important to worry about.

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I'm so sorry about the late update!

Life was so hectic for a short while, and so I had forgotten to update completely.

This chapter is short, I know. So in the next chapter I will attempt to write double the amount!

Please feel free to make any corrections on my grammatical errors or spelling mistakes, I don't mind!

And don't forget to like this book, save it to your library, and follow for more updates!